THE
DEVIL KNOWS WHAT.
A
POEM.

To which is annex'd,

The COMPROMISE;

OR, A

DIALOGUE *between* W. *and* P.

In Imitation of the 9th Ode of HORACE, *Book the 3d.*

Both Written by a STATE LUNATICK.

LONDON:

Printed for *E. Rayner*, next the *George* Tavern, *Charing-Cross*, and sold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

(Price Six-pence.)

THE

DEVIL KNOWS WHAT!

A

POEM.

To which is annex'd,

The COMPROMISE;

OR A

DIALOGUE between W. and P.

In Imitation of the 9th Ode of HORACE,
Book the 3d.

Both Written by a STATE LUNATICK.

LONDON:

Printed for E. Rayner, next the George Tavern, Charing Cross;
and Sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster.

(Price Six-pence.)

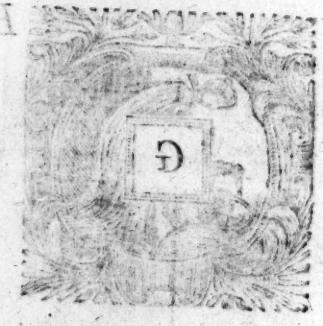
THE DEVIL KNOWS WHAT.

GENEVA's a Subject long ſince out of date,
And as for Tranſactions of Pulpit or State,
Of *Germany*, *Spain*, and *the D---l knows what*,
To ſpeak my Mind freely, I value them not;
Nor will I preſume any Rules to lay down,
Or mention the *Perſon*, who ne'er wore a Crown,
Yet *rides* a whole Nation with abſolute Sway,
While Int'reſt makes ſome, Fear others, obey;
Let other Folks prattle of this and of that,
And trouble their Heads with *the D---l knows what*;
I will not ask Queſtions of *R----t* and *John*,
How the Buildings in *N--f--k* or *Ux----ge* go on?
If *Fame* is no Lyar, they ſurely have got
A Dozen (of (*) Plumbs by *the D---l knows what*:

---

* *A Plumb is a cant Word uſed in the City, and ſignifies an Hundred Thouſand Pounds.*

The *Robin* may ſing in a muſical Strain,
And yet unconcern'd I ſtill will remain ;
Nor ſhall it deprive me of one Moment's reſt,
If he plucks from the *Eagle* to feather his Neſt.
I value not who is, or is not a Rogue,
I know that the greateſt is always in Vogue ;
He triumphs in Knav'ry, and laughs at Diſgrace,
While *poor ones* from *Tyburn* can get no Releaſe.
I care not if *Sarah* her Talents improves ;
Much more than her Maker her Money ſhe loves.
Some talk of a Duel that lately was fought,
But I think after all, that it ſignifies naught ;
The one and the other regarded it not,
However they fought for — *the D---l knows what.*



The COMPROMISE;

OR, A

DIALOGUE *between* W. *and* P.

W.

WHILST you and I were cordial Friends
Alike our Int'reſt and our Ends,
I thought my Character and Place
Secure, and dreaded no Diſgrace;
Fear'd no Rebuff, or angry Frown,
But won the Hearts of all the Town.
No Stateſman e'er was more careſt,
Or more in his good Councils bleſt.

P.

Whilſt I your other Self was deem'd,
And worthy ſuch Renown eſteem'd;
While I ſo often ſtood the Teſt,
And wore your Image in my Breaſt;

E'er great *N*------- won your Heart,
And in your Counſels took ſuch part:
I was the happy'ſt Man in Life,
And, but with *Tories*, had no Strife.

W.

N-------, noble and polite,
Whom *G*----- approves, is my Delight;
His *Merit* is his only Claim,
For him I'd hazard Life and Fame:
For him new Dangers would explore,
And freely laviſh all my *Store*.

P.

Me *Gambol* now, whom ev'ry Muſe
And ev'ry Grace adorn, ſubdues;
Attach'd to him, I've learn'd to hate
Your Perſon, Politicks and State:
Your Pow'r deſpiſe, your Crimes expoſe,
And make your very Friends your Foes.

W.

But what, if we grow Friends again,
And you your Heart's Deſire obtain?
And for your ſake the noble D--ke
Be quite diſcarded, and forſook?
If, in one unexpected Hour,
He be deprived of all his Pow'r?

P.

Tho' *Gambol* now my Fancy warms,
And all his Meaſures have ſuch Charms;
Tho' he is fond, indiff'rent you,
Our antient Ligue I would renew.
For you I'd Speech it in the *Houſe*,
For you write *Craftſmen*, and carouſe;
For you make Friends, Impeach and Plot,
For you I'd die; what would I not?
For you turn all Things upſide down,
And ſpread abroad your high Renown.
You, like an Angel, ſhould look bright,
And be the People's dear Delight.

W.

Withdraw from *Gambol*, if you're wiſe,
And give him up a Sacrifice:
Diſſemble, Flatter and Combine,
And with *French Osborn*'s Pen joyn thine.
See, that theſe Meaſures you purſue;
Strive your own Doings to out-do:
Then if by me you firmly ſtand,
Penſion or *Poſt* you ſhall command.

F I N I S.

The Gambol now my Fancy warms,
And all his Measures have such Charms;
The Muse is found, indifferent you,
Our antient Ligue I would renew.
For you I'd Speech it in the House,
For you write Plays, and canvass,
For you make Friends, Impeach and Plot,
For you I'd die; what would I not?
For you turn all Things upside down,
And spread abroad your high Renown.
You, like an Angel, should look bright,
And be the People's dear Delight.

V.

Withdraw from Gambol, if your wife,
And give him up a Sacrifice;
Dissemble, Flatter and Combine,
And with French Odours Perfume shine.
See, that their Meetings you pervade:
Strive your own Doings to out-do:
Then if by me you firmly stand,
Pension or Post you shall command.

FINIS.

308060